

Nativity

Paul Kelly

Immensity cloistered in thy dear womb
Now leaves His well-belov'd imprisonment
There He hath made Himself to His intent
Weak enough, now into the world to come
But O, for thee, for Him, hath the inn no room?
Yet lay Him in this stall, and from the Orient
Stars and wise men will travel to prevent
The effect of Herod's jealous general doom
Seest thou, my soul, with thy faith's eyes, how He
Which fills all place, yet none holds Him, doth lie?
Was not His pity towards thee wondrous high
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiss Him, and with Him into Egypt go
With His kind mother, who partakes thy woe